## A WIZARD'S PETS.

#### Amusing Stories of the Private Menagerie of Herr Mann, the Magician.

than in his absolute power over every kind of animal. He was never known to approach one that did not instantly recognize and love him as a friend; and so devoted was he to "pets" that he never traveled without a retinue of dogs, birds, monkeys, etc. Mrs. Herrmann was not a whit behind the great magician in her fondness for and power over animals, and if there was room in their private car for General, Sandow and Lola (Mr. Herrmann's Danish hound, monkey and caw) it was only upon condition that they remained upon good terms with Fidget, a black and tan: Chappie, a mock-ing bird, and Rulie, a parroquet, the tig especial pets of Mrs. Herrmann. It is not to be wondered at, therefore,

that the nugnificent Hermann manor as Whitestone, L. I., with its broad acres has long been the home, not only of some of the finest bred horses and dogs in America, but of deer, goats, ganders, ducks, doves, monkeys, magnies, par-rots-in fact, every manner of living When Mr. Herrmenn was at home it was always his custom to have his morning coffee and roll in bed, and this was a grand hour for the dogs, as one and all were allowed to go to his room and assist at the function; and it was thus, surrounded by a dozen or more of huge bounds and St. Bernards, each caperly elapsoring for a friendly word, that this almost supernaturally delicate non-best enjoyed his breakfast

Some of these great St. Bernards, by the way, enjoyed a very unique sort of protection during their puppyhood, though they have doubtless forgotten all about it by this time. Thirteen of them were born at one litter-a quite pursual thing- and formed, of course, a most picturesque and interesting group It connect that Mr. Hermann's favorite pet at this time was a buildant macaw that he had brought from Central America. These birds are sometimes a shim moving cadet blue with golden wings. hat this one was a bright scarlet with black beak that only seemed the blacker from its striking setting of snow-white feathers. This gorgeous bird measured one and a half yards from beak to tip of tnit, and in addition to its great beauty was a very clever-talker. One day Mr. Herrimann put this beautiful macaw into the morker cage, which he placed on top of the kernel containing the thirteen young St Pernards. Later in the day the family were against at discovering that Miss Lola had used her sharp bill to good purpose, for she had titten a great hole in the cage, thereby obtaining her freedom. Search was made for her every where, but all in vain.

Sad at heart, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann strolled out to take a look at the papping



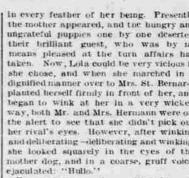
An Unhappy Pig.

In the world. She had evidently gotten upon the most intimate terms with her four-legged neighbors; one was licking her her homage in their own clumsy puppy Tashion, and Miss Lola, a truly feminine persist in creature, was enjoying all this devotion theater.

Perhaps in no way was the great and | in every feather of her being. Presently only Herrmann more truly the wizard | the mother appeared, and the hungry and the mother appeared, and the hungry and ingrateful puppies one by one deserted their brilliant guest, who was by no means pleased at the turn affairs had taken. Now, Lola could be very victous if she chose, and when she marched in a sengers and coal, at a speed of twelve or dignified manner over to Mrs. St. Bernard, fifteen tales per hour. Thus the first planted herself firmly in front of her, and train that ever carried passengers made began to wink at her in a very wicked its journey in safety, and the enthusiasm way, both Mr. and Mrs. Hermann were on of the multitude was indescribable. the alert to see that she didn't pick out her rival's eyes. However, after winking and deliberating -deliberating and winking, she looked squarely in the eyes of the cule confined to the ignorant classes. The mother dog, and in a coarse, gruff voice ejaculated: "Hullo."

paculated: "Hullo."

From this time on she constituted herself ever be practically employed in competi-





Herrmann's Breakfast Guests,

the mistress of the dog kennel, gradgingly allowing the mother to come 'n when occasion required, but never ceased to be fiercely jealous of her. Sometimes Lola would fly into a tree and refuse allent reaties to come down, until some one would stand if successful—which was very doubtful under the tree with a puppy in his arms when she would fly down at once. Unfor tunately, this beautiful pet developed suchabit of bring or nibbling at everything within sight, especially wood, that Mr. Hermann could not take her on hislast trip, fearing that in time she might cat up the car. He therefore placed her in Central instituti Park, and, curiously enough, she dropped Review. dead from herperch on the very day that her beloved muster so suddenly expired.

Nearly every one is familiar with Her mann's "Noah's Ark" trick, where he shows the audience an empty box, and for further verification of its emptiness has buckets of water poured into it. Then he begins to take out animals by the wholesale. First comes a squealing pig, then a pet gander, and coon. for some reason or other, the gander addenly developed a strange jeniously of the pig, and every night would selze its poor little tail in its sharp beak, causing it to run about the stage squealing furiusly, to the great annisement of the addience. Mrs. Hermann, however, had much too soft a heart to let this to on. and one day eleverly fitted a piece of kid glove over piggie's tail. That evening the gander, discovering this device, and not willing to let the little heast go the audience was as much amused as ever. The next day Mrs. Hermann made a red flinnel cap, tying under the chir by way of consolation, when, to their and perfectly fitting the ears of the little urprise, there in their midst stood victim. When Mr. Hermann drew bin Miss Lola, having the most beautiful time out of the ark that night so attired he was almost more paralyzed than the gander, who, however, never molested piggie again. All the trick animals were beak, another her wing, still others con- as tame as possible, and scenied to tended themselves with her back and greatly enjoy their public appearances beautiful tall feathers; each and all doing A trick duck in particular was so de voted to one of the maids that it would

tion with horse power for transportation Almost incredible as it may now seem, it is a fact that political economists invelgied against the railway and the engine as con would deprive stage drivers, teamsters, and innkeepers of their livelihood! It was in the face of an almost universal opposition, of the wild, unreasonable kind, that a few men, led by the great Stephenson tablished the railroad and locomotive as institutions of the land - North American

What has been regarded by some as the birthday of the railway locomotive occurred

on September 27, 1825, with Stephenson

to allow him a trial of his steam locomotive

that occasion, and before a tremendous crowd of curious and for the most part in

But, not withstanding this demonstration

#### No Clothes Pins Needed.

A pinless clothes line is something which attracts the attention of every housewife, There never was a pin invented which would hold the clothes on the line, espe sially in a strong wind.

This new clothes line is made of galvan ized steel spring wire, and is therefore non-rusting, and is made in links one footlong and when taken down can be felded to

gether into a small space. The clothes are fastened on by drawing small corner through the slot of the link about half an inch. The link holds it fast and the larder the wind blows the faster the link holds. The clothes are taken out as easily as put in. The entire surface of do not adhere to it, even being easily slipped off when frozen. If each garment is factened in two places in such a manner that they draw toward each other, the weight of the garmens will hold it firmly In the long run this line is the cheapest being a combination there are no nins to buy, and being of steel will last many years and will not rust. For winter use it is far superior to any other line.-Chi.ago Tribune.

### Sent \$5 for the Poor.

Isase Keenan, a coloted man under a life sentence in the Baltimore penitentiary, sent \$5 to the city marshal to be used in aiding the distressed poor of the

### BIRTHDAY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE The Opal Skull

Gwendolin Overton in San Francisco Argonaut

"I was born hier," she said, "een zat

house. But w'en I twelf years am, I to

San Diego go to school, an' zere I English

learn. I speak note much Eenglish now,

for zat I have only my muzzer an' my

bruzzer, who zey speake but Spanish; an' Carlos he can Eenglish speake, but he

"He ees my sweetheart, w'at I to marry

him am."

"Where is he?" The young man drew

a little away and sat erect.
" He ces at ze mines in Corseption. He

haf one mine for him, an' he weel be some time reach. He come to see me ze Sunday

Do you note Spanish speake-talk, sare?" "No. Just a few words. And where it

emorrow weeth Carlos come back.

Lovell understood. He resumed grad-ually his posture of adoration. When

the organities were finished, he held her hands, and in time he put his arm alou-

herandkissedher, and forgotall the maxims of wisdom that had ever been taught to

So they sat-to all purposes alone in the

prairie-she with her black head upon his

shoulder, he caressing the soft warm fin-

"What is that ring?" be asked, turning

He struck a wax one, and held it to the

ring. It was an opal set in silver, and

difficulty of cutting an opal. He knew the skill and patience it must require to shape

it like this one. There was probably not another like it in the world; certainly, he

had never seen it, if there were. In the flickering light it gleamed and sparkled

blue and red and vellow fires, and the

He was seized with a wild desire to obtain

love me, Anita, sweetheart, beautiful?

he whispered, taking her face in his hands

She uttered a faint but sincere "Yes." He kissed her again, not once, but many

times. "If you love me, Anita, you should give me the ring to remember you by-a

She slipped it into his hand, "Ant No! Geef eet to me!" she cried

"Carlos, he tell me nat eet ees very-w'a

"Then why aid be give it to you?"
"He say set ses for a man, not for a woman; zat set ses like zat."

"I expect Carlos wanted to keep you from

"You are like all women; you

giving it away."

No. He say gut one man w'at keep eet

for fife year, he die sure."
"I am not afraid. I would be glad to die

"No. no. I lofe you. You can keep eet."

At the moment her mother called to be

about the American's neck and said a cline

ing good-by, as if her heart were sadly

wring. And for the time being she was in

At daybreak he saw two horsemen, both

Mexicans, ride up to the house. He guesses that they were the man Manara and Carlos

and he hitched up the team quickly and

went, in a fashion that suggested flight,

Now it happened-as such things will

nappen in the new West-that Carlos Valera

and that they were much coarted and sought

after, for Valera was generous and well

Valera was bewitching, a type, more

than locally famous for her beauty, and possessed of a charm that is peculiar

to women of her race who have learned

the usages of the world. They kept open

house, in the grand way of the wealthy

Spanish-Americans of not so long ago.

Never a day passed that more than one

total stranger was not entertained. Thus it came about that, upon a spring evening

Valera greeted with lovely case and grace

a guest whom her husband brought home with him, a Mr. Richard Lovell, of Los

ome years after her marriage, Senora

to have your ring for even a year,"

"No. Geef set back to me." "Then you do not love me," he said, de-

are giad to break a man's heart,"

desperate earnest.

taking the ring with him.

"How wonderful!" he ejaculated

"Yes," answered Anita.

and looking into her eyes.

keepsake, as we call it."

you say? -note nice lucky.'

"Why?"

it, and he played boldly for it.

and toying with the only one she wore.

"He ees zis night far away. He wee

your brother?"

gers.

grin.

"Who is Carlos, sweetheart?"

as the father of the event. The Stockton & Darlington Railway had been built, and, through his persistent importunities, laid with fron, instead of wooden rails. It had been intended merely for horse draught, Of all places to oppress one with the fruit- | fell from him. She told him about her but the inventor prevailed upon the owner

THE MORNING TIMES, FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1897

essness of life, there is none like unto the southern portion of the Colorado River. Stephenson himself was the driver on Other rivers-notably such a one as the Gila-may flow through asbarren acountry, credulous people, he drew a train of nearly thirty wagons, loaded with pasbut the desolation is different; it is suggestive of what is yet to be, while the Colorado, at the south, rolls lifelessly through a land that is of a past so hope. like eet note." lessly dead, so far away, that there is neither memory of itremaining norchance of resurrection of its vanished bones. There seems always to be visible from its banks, if the locomotive was still unmercifully ridibanks they can be called, some faint blue gray mountain peak off in the distance beyond the plain with its rare groups of cottonwoods and its occasional lonely ablest engineers contended that it was adobe. And there is something that makes one sad and restless in the sight of these misty lines of mountains, something a thousand-fold more depressing than in a

prairie that meetsits own unbroken horizon Evening-which seems the only time that should ever be there-was coming upon this country of forgotten acons. There was no color gnywhere. The yellow of the sky was only a pale glimmer over the whitening blue, the green of the trees was dulled by the dust and the twilight; the country was a level dun stretch, and the mountains-far, far away-were only a shading of uncertain blue. There was but one house in sight, an adobe 400 yards or less from the river; but there was no sign or sound of life except the quiet rattling of the cottonwood leaves in the evening

Yet in among the willows by the river was a small, canvas-covered wagon. Two thin bronchos were hobbled near by, and a man was gathering sticks for a fire There was little dry wood so near the stream, and he went out into the open in front of the abode. He was in no hurry All the night was before him, so he stood with his thumbs I coked in his cartridge belt, looking at the house. He wondered if it would be worth his while to make the acquaintance of the "greasers" who un-doubtedly inhabited it. They might offer him hospitality for the night; but he had learned by experience that Mexican hos pitality usually implies dirt, and he dis liked dirt. It was a question in his mind whether a blanket under the wagon would not be preferable. And while he debated the flat Loard door of the adboe opened. and a woman came out. She was slender therefore she was young-so reasoned the man, who knew Mexicans. More than that he could not see. After a time she went back into the house, and he fell to

gathering sticks. When the moon rose, and he, having fin ished his supper, was sitting beside the dying campfire, peacefully smoking, the low willows parted, and the girl of the adobe stood near him. She was pretty in the ideal Mexican way-red and full lipped, brightly colored, large-eyed, with two great braids of purple-black bair, and n a fresh, white frock and crude pini

"Ah! I beg your pardon, senor, I knes ore rat you wear hier," she cried, start ing back.

The man arose. He was aware that it was totally improbable that she had no een him when she had been standing it the doorway, he was also aware that must have observed the smoke of his fire nevertheless, he spoke and said, "Se rorita, I will go away." And he stood

'Ah! no. Eet must be me to go," and she, too, stood still. "Eet ees zat 1 come each night hier to seet, an' 1 knew note zat you wear hier," she repeated.

"It gives me much pleasure to see yo Will you not sit here With me?" He spreas a blanket on the ground near the brigh coals, and motioned to her, with a deep how, to be seated. She took her place, and he, stretching himself at her feet, ng spon one elbow, affered her a ci garette.

Her name, it transpired very soon, w Anita-Anita Manara; his, he told her was grew very rich within a few months and Richard Lovell. They fell a-talking, and went to live in San Diego with his wife, he did what was expected of him-made desperate love instantly; while she did with only enough reserve to keep up the illusion of flirtation. Principles of severity may flourish upon mountain heights may withstand great temptation, but or the southern prairies of a summer night when the moon is full and shedding gold light through the willows, and a slow river trickles by, and the only voices are those of the crickets and of a Mexican woman, and the woman is beautiful, norality is at ebb tide, and principles melt like hard, white pearls in wine. Here in the half-trople Southwest, with an unwise child of sixteen, of an amorous race, the rather lax code of honor of Richard Lovell Angeles. But as she greeted him she

## Fraud.

## "Canadian Club" Whisky,

while very flattering, is extremely undrink the vile substitutes.

#### .... THE HIGH STANDARD

of "Canadian Club" is always main-tained. Beware of inferior substitutes. When you suspect fraud, write us at once and we will protect you.

Hiram Walker & Sons, Lim'd, WALKERVILLE, CANADA.

CHARLES KRAEMER.

glanced down at his hands and saw that he wore the opal skull. She turned to her husband and said in English that was per-fect now, though made dainty by a slight lisp: "Carlos, dear, will you see if I left my opal-and-diamonal pin on my dressing stand? I think I took it out to Wear, and "Eet ees Carlos. He geef eet to me. Weel you see?" She drew it off. "Eef you weel one match light." forgot it. I don't want it to get lost like that other opal you gave me before we wer married. I'm afraid they are really un lucky stones; don't you think so, Mr. Lovell? carved in the shape of a skull. Lovell knew enough of stones to understand the

Would you mind going for it, Carlos?" Valera left the room. "Mr. Lovell, take off that ring while you

are here," she said, caimly "I have never taken it off; and I'm sorr; that I can't do so now."
"If Mr. Vaiera sees it, he will be as apt

to kill you as not. He is very jealous."
"I fancy he has good reason."

"Kindly keep your opinions where such unpleasant ones properly belong-in your own consciousness. You will be wise to do as I say, and to be quick. Do you know that the five years is up tonigh "I doubt that sort of superstition. As I told you before, I'm not afraid. Perhaps you are, though? It is natural you should be. I will tell you what I will do., Fit take the ring and put it in my pocket"-h stipped it off and held it between his thum and finger-'if you will kiss me again as

you did on that night."
"I will not. You would have forgotte been fortunate enough to be a gentle

"Never!-not all those caresses and pr

testations. Come, kiss me again, and I'll hide the ring." "No. Mr. Valera will finish hunting for a pin that isn't there in a moment more and if he comes back it may go ill with

you-it certainly will if he sees the ring. "Then kiss me," "I will not Be quick. I hear him coming. Quick!"

"Kiss me. You'd better, for your own "No."

"Then don't." "Oh, hide that ring -do, for me."

Well, kiss me, then." He put his hands on her shoulders and bent his head. He did not see Valera step

into the French window, but he knew that the woman pulled away from him with a loud "How dare you?" and a scream. "Car-los, Carlos, help me!" And then he felt something sharp driver cep between the shoulders, and as he fel

backward Senora Valera grasped at the ring and caught it from his hand. She put her own hand to her throat in the accepted fashion of the conventional feint, and as she did so dropped the jewel into the bosom of her gown. Then she lost con The story she told her husband was on

of unprovoked impertinence on the part of an after stranger, a man she had never seen before, and the story he told the world was much the same, but slightly em bellished. It was not plausible, yet it passed. It excused the murder without any great difficulty, and it was something of a feather in the cap of the beautiful Mexican for this was in the early days. Senora Valera ground the opal skull t

bits with a heavy stone, and kept the chips in a locket, until one day she found as excuse to drive to the cemetery and scat ter them upon Lovell's grave.

The Morning and Sunday Times 35 cents per month.

was by way of thinking me more daft

he had again read the passage from the

newspaper-"But I held no keys," I cried.

"and I had little money with me, and to

"But what was that about the keys?" said I, to change the subject. And when

ILEFT BEHIND ME By David Belasco (author of "Heart of

THE CIRL

AMUSEMENTS. MATINEE SATURDAY.

DAVID BELASCO S

The Heart of

Maryland.

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Next Week-Billy Kersands and the GEORGIA MINSTRELS.

### TONIGHT. An Evening with

EDGAR ALLAN POE. CARROLL INSTITUTE HALL.

to see that he could already give the words of command in the American tongue. "To

turgeman, to 'ala beneb!"
"Ana gai, to Sidi," said the new dragonau, who had taken All's place, as be entered the room. And presently, when he knew what was required, he unearthed from beneath some litter of the camp the mystic stone which had lain forgutten

since the day I was struck down.
"Aye, lad," said I, as I saw it. "it was that I held when All Hasan felled me, and was to that I clung while he beat and battered my right hand until he was driven away. And it is that which, if I know him, he is still in wait near here to If you value it as little, as I, best set it up on a mud wall where he can come and get it, and be at peace with his felly." "Not I." cried Arthur, with a proud movement of the head that all at once

minded me of his mother. "Is it for Eng-lishmen to give up heaten so easily." "You are right, my boy." I said, not ill pleased. "I spoke too mastily and am liever corrected by you than by any other man living. Keep it, and guard well your own skull. And tell me its meaning

"Why, that should be easy," said Arthur, in his old careless way. "It's a heart scarab, dad. You know when these old duffers of Exyptions prepared a body for mammying they used sometimes to take out the heart and put in its place a smooth stone like this, about the same size. These hieroglyphics, now, must be the name and qualities of the gay and festive old bounder who wore it. B'mf My Egyptian is a little rusty, but that feather sign is 'a' and the chessboard with the dranken satter's line of march under it is men some name beginning with 'Amen,' and the queer animal is the sign of the god Set. Oh, I can dig

it all out with the help of a pony."

And there, my word for it, was that slip of a boy I had dandled on my knees reading off the syllables from a stone thousands of years old, as if it were yesterday's paper. I almost regretted that I was not myself more of a scholar as I lay propped up on my pillows watch-

Then all at once I saw his face take on a queer look that I did not like, having seen it worn by many a bright young fellow offered up like a sacrifice to the East. And, with a muttered ex-

Nor could I anywhere see the beart scarab after he had gone

tent.

To be concluded.

(Copyright, 1897, by J. L. Heaton.) PART 1.

Because of my louticen years in Egypt I wasted no breath in swearing viciously at the flue as I brushed them from my face nor did I look with such herror as I would once have felt, but perhaps with a little envy, at a native loy of five or six, lying perfectly naked is the sun and making no pests bezzed about his bare skin or even staring eyelalis. But for my more sensitive nerves, I was as happy as he. for the mundation was over for the year, there had been no breaks or bungling in my district upon the canals of His Highness the Knedive, my report was ready to file with the chief engineer, and I was thinking of a Christmas at home, the first in four years, not as one thinks in Europe, the blood coursing quicker at fancy's call, but idly

A queer bit of stone with heathen carvings traced upon it I held in my hand, as I sat in the shade of my tent flap, had led my idle thoughts across all those nales of sea and land to green England.

I wonder if Arthur will care for this scarab," I was thinking; "he must be as big as I am by this time. Four years ago he was mightily interested in all that I could tell him of ancient Egypt. And that was little enough, poor fellow! Bow disgusted he was when I confessed that, after ten years in Egypt and many months in Cairo, I had never gone a mile out of my way to see the Pyramids!"

For my concern has always been with the land of today and not of yesterday. Of Arabic I know enough to direct my men and even to write a tolerable letter. But of the tombs and temples and the characters chiscled on them to

nothing.

life-had done so, indeed, many a time I would have trusted him with the little

I would have trusted him with my And yet my trust was to be sorely tried, for even as I noted that look in

drivers of the past, I knew and yet know

Still, even my eyes were shrewd enough to see that it was no ordinary pebble my donkey's hoof had unearthed from a clay bank that morning. It was an oval bit of black Tanis granite, rounded to an exquisite smoothness. It was, as nearly as I can remember, about two inches in length, an inch and a half wide, and an inch or less in thickness. Across each of the flat-tened sides were drawn lines, and between the lines were cut rows of hieroglyphic characters. Their meaning I could not guess, but I saw that there were repreented a dog or some other beast, a metal mirror, such as my men often dug up in the ruins of great cities now clothed with wheat stalks; a bit of board with seven pers in it, an eye with its eyeball rudely traced, and other designs less suggestive of any forms in nature.

It was while I sat examining the stone, which I purposed adding to the little store of such trifles I had saved for my son, that I saw Ali, son of Hasan, my dragoman, eying me with a strange gaze I had never seen in his eyes be-fore, and which made me uneasy in a way that I could not quite explain. Twelve years Ali Hasan had been with me, and that he loved me like a brother I knew then as well as I know now. For it is a strange thing, this life in the East, where men live side by side for years and never speak of that which both know. I would have trusted Ali Hasan with my money I was saving year by year that I might one day live again in the old home.

and yet did not know. "Is this Mr. MacDougall?" I asked, record the lying boasts of crowned slave. All's eyes, I saw him spring suddenly | making use of the name of a young Scotch | jesting way "epileptoid; an egomaniac | it neitled me not a little to see that Arthur | Then he raised his voice, and I was pleased

toward me and poise a huge ebony club above my head, saw it descending swiftly, engineer who had been expected in camp about the time I found the dark scarab. yet seemingly an eternity of time in its Bit my voice sounded strangely weak, fall, and then I saw no more, but even and my tongue had a way of falling as I fell I was conscious of gripping about in my mouth that was new to me. the strange stone firmly in my right hand, "It's a shocking old dad not to know which seemed all at once throbbing with his own son," said a fresh young voice; such pain that I was glad enough to glide "but never you mind. You've been jolly into insensibility. well knocked out, you know, but you're . . . . . . .

I have always rather prided myself on unylack of imagination, but Ali Hasan's club seemed to have let as much nonsense into my head as the sense it knocked out, for here was I in my sleep, which lasted for I know not how long, thinking and babbling about Rameses, and Halithor, and Anubis and other old Egyptian kings and gods, about whom, in my right mind. I had never cared tuppence. For when the scientific en had said to me that the old kings were at least good engineers and skilled in stone working, I had always replied that it was not good engineering to waste material and labor, and that I cared naught for them, be ing but a plain engineer.



I Saw Him Spring Suddenly To ward Me.

and get back to my tale, and at that part of it where, after many profitless imagin ings, I one day woke, asif from a sleep, and saw bending over me a face which I knew

as I might. "Mattoid, perhaps," said Author, in his

more.

clubomaniac. No matter what you do, if yer 'art be true, and Ali's 'art was than Ali. true to dad. Right you are, gov'nor, no doubt." "Crazy he may have been, but a rascal, never," said I, when at length I gathered Arthur's meaning. For the fashions of

you to sleep again." And I obeyed and dreamed that Arthur wore upon his brow the globe and serpent and held in his hand the whip and scepte

of Ammon Ra, who must be obeyed, My big hands have a firm grip, and, once they had taken hold on life again, my recovery was rapid. A pleasant day it was for me when I was judged strong enough to talk it all over with my son. A fine well-grown lad he was, and quick and

"Awfully obliging of you, dad," said he, as he sat by the bedside, holding my gaunt hand in his. "I've wished to come to Egypt for a long time, and your sore head gave me such a jolly excuse. Sorry you can't smoke, too, but you'll be up to it in no time. And you haven't read the papers much while the crocodiles were chasing you, so I'll construe a few lines out of the Egyptian Times, of date a mouth or "The particulars of a sad affair have just reached as from the province of Beni-Suef. The eminent engineer, Beswick Bey'-that's you, gov'nor-'eminent engineer' isn't so bad, ch?+'was on Thursday last struck down in his tent by a native servant named Ali Hasan, whose motive is supposed to have been robbery, and who succeeded in making his escape Some native employes of the engineering department found Beswick Bey suffering m two bad scalp wounds. His right hand was also bruised and lacerated, probably in an effort to wrench away his keys, though no connected account of the affair is possible, as the Bey, owing to the heat and the impossibility of securing proper care, so far from any town, lies in a fever from which he is not expected to recover. Casaldi Bey is in at tendance as physician, by his highness the khedive's special instruction. Beswick, Bey's only son, a recent Oxonian gradu ate, has been notified.' There, pater That' the whole affair in a nutshell, so far as I know anything about it. If that rascal of an Ali were here, he might tell you

man as everdrew breath," said I, as stoutly only from printed pages, found myself for you."

almost unable to understand the words of an educated gentleman of today. Also, whence I perceived that he was puzzled



The New Dragoman Uncarthed the Mystic Stone. speech change as do the fashious of dress, that little Ali knew he was as welc - to as and I, having for so many years spoken you are. I had naught in my hand but a "All Hasan is no tastal, but as true a little save Alabac, and learned my English | fine black stone scarab I had picked up